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ORIGINAL POETRY.

DEATH.

I come on my steed, on my lonesome way,
With a whoop and a halloo of dread—
With the print of his hoofs on the brow of the
And the drops of his foam on its bed!
With a harness of black, and a falcon of red,
Stained darker and damp in the gore of the dead!
In the clouds, in the storm,
In the sea, when it roars
With the lights that deform
his shores!
And none but the ghosts of the dead can survey
The monarch of ghosts on his terrible way.
I come where the pestilence breathes from the pen,
The plague from the charnels of death;
From tables of wassail, where self-slaying men
Quaff oceans of poison like breath;
From the lazar, the dungeon, the cell, where the
Beholds not how thickly the life gasps away;
From the murderous block,
Where the axe hath its score,
And the lifeless limbs rock
In gore—
While the multitudes gasp in a horrid surprise,
To see in what feature a fellow man dies.
I come in the rear of old Time, whom I make
The chief of my dark pioneers—
If Murder, or War, or Disease, do not break,
He comes with the spell of his years—
And the strongest strongheart, and the lustiest
frame,
Sink down at that spell, like the flax in the flame.
His sev'ral doth not stay,
Though it severs in twain,
The chords that they pray.
In vain;
I catch up their breath, as the sun doth the dew,
And the earth does not know them, and nothing
that knew.

GOOD NIGHT.

"Good night—good night"—oh! no, that word
Can never be good,
When from the lips of Elia heard
In this green wood.
The moonlight on that silvery stream,
Which black reflects the trembling beam,
Is like some hoarding half-wild dream,
So softly bright!
No—Elia—friends so true in heart,
Should never from each other part—
I cannot say—good night.
Oh! Henry—yes—that word is sweet,
Warn from the heart,
For friends love most when first they meet,
And when they part.
Those moonlight rays which sweetly break,
With mellow tints on yonder lake,
Bless the sweet vows that lovers make,
So heavenly bright!
"Good night!" but tells we meet to-morrow,
And melts to bliss all farewell sorrow.
Good night, my love—good night.
New York, May 1838. PASQUIN.

I said I would love thee in want or in wealth,
In cloud or in sunshine, in sickness or health!
And fear not, my love, when thy spirits are weak,
The truth I have pledged I never will break:
Oh! as not our hopes are all fading away,
They but sink like the sun—at the close of the
day.
To rise with new brilliance, and lighten our skies,
When Time shall have bound us, by perishes
ties!
And fairer, and brighter, will Summer appear
For the rain-clouds which darken'd the spring
of our years,
As the tints of the morning's more dear to the
night,
When restless and care-worn, we've watched them
the night:
Say not, however distant, another may claim
That sacred, that fond, that coveted name!
Who would willingly bind me forever to thee;
The thought is as sorrow, is anguish to me!
The deeper the darkness, the rougher the way,
The more would I love thee there there to stay:
Dye love is a beacon to light the lone road,
And when hope has forsaken, we'll trust in our
God.

SONNET.

On thee, fair Cupid! (false as thou art fair!)
I feel disposed to leap most dire abuse!
Fie, tell me, younker! to what end or use,
Dost thou betray me to the fond despair?
I knew ye not, nor did I wish to know,
I sought for none but heavenly friendship's ties,
When thou didst laugh in Della's sparkling eyes,
And thence into my breast thy darts did throw.
I felt them sticking there, and tiser and more,
Despite of thee, I twisted them about,
But ah! the more I tried to get them out,
I found by trial, worse it made the sore.
Thus say't, perhaps the lofty fair will stoop,
I know not now, however, I will—hope.
May 12th, 1838. COLIN.

SODA WATER.

The season of Soda is come,
And her fountain is flowing again;
Aunt! whiskey, brandy, and rum,
And hail to thee, Adam's Champagne.
How it scatters its volatile spray,
And sends up its sparks in our faces;
It drives spleen and megrim away,
And brings mirth and wit in its places.
'Tis the cordial of love, no doubt,
(As good for the ladies as tea),
For Venus, our poets give out,
Was born from the froth of the sea.
J. B.

THE MORALIST.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I saw man stretched on the pier, cut down
in the prime of his days, like a flower before
the scythe of the mower, and like it laid on
the bosom of the cold earth, to moulder away
and return to dust. I looked around the place
of his former habitation—there stood the seat
he was wont to occupy—here were the books
he had often read—every thing remained as
when he was sole master, and directed accord-
ing to his own will and taste—but yet there
reigned throughout a melancholy silence; a
gloom seemed spread over the scenes within
and without his late cheerful home—the smile
of welcome had vanished from the counte-
nances of his family—the stillness of death was
broken only by the involuntary burst of grief,
and tears flowed copiously over the ruins of
blighted hope, and the desolation of fond af-
fections, like the rains of autumn on the
dreary and scathed harvest field. When I
left the house of mourning I looked at the
bright and beautiful source of life and light—
his splendour was not diminished—the fields
still retained their verdure—the flowers their
gay colouring and rich perfume—the stream
flowed on in its accustomed channel—the
birds still chanted their melodious songs—
nature, thought I, is unchanged; but to the
departed spirit, what are they; he hears
not the melody, beholds not the beauty,
nor inhales the fragrance of elementary
things—all with him is new, and unchanging
—the brightness of his skies is no more re-
membered in the dazzling glories of the eter-
nal world, than the rays of the most brilliant
star are perceivable in the beams of the morn-
ing sun—wherefore then should the transient
things of time occupy so much of our attention
here, seeing that hereafter they are forgot-
ten? "Lord teach us to number our days, and
apply our hearts unto wisdom. Let us seek
thee early, and lay aside all pride and vain-
glorying—not trusting in our own strength."

MARTHA.

A SCENE IN AFRICA.
I stood on Cape Monrovia—night had
spread over it her shadows—silence reigned,
broken only by the sound of the distant, dash-
ing waters. As the bright and beautiful con-
stellations moved through the heavens in their
illustrious and unchanging courses, evidences
of invisible glory—of an eternal and immuta-
ble God—what scenes of horror—of relentless
cruelty, said I, have ye witnessed, along the
whole border of this afflicted, this injured
land—Here, every day for centuries, has the
human body been bound in chains, the ties of
kind fellowship, of nature's strongest affec-
tions, ruthlessly murdered, and hope, which
smiles in death, made to perish by living
agony. Here has manly courage been sub-
dued by torture—parental love punished as a
crime, and female tenderness been rewarded
by the keenest sufferings. If the pure spirits
which inhabit you, can look upon human af-
fairs, must they not suppose that knowledge
and civilization harden the heart, and that
sympathy lives only in the breast of barbarians.
Rejoice they must, that the fair planets roll so
far above the unholly and contagious influ-
ences of our world. What multitudes of hu-
man beings on this shore, have been immo-
lated on the altars of avarice—how many have
wished to die, as they bade a final farewell to
their lovely homes, and saw for the last time
their wives, children, and friends! My God!
who can describe the miseries of those crowd-
ed to death in the dungeons of a slave ship?
But shall everlasting night cover this land, and
the records of African history forever contain
nothing but mourning, lamentation, and woe?
Heaven forbid it. The Omnipotent will not
suffer it. A universe beautiful, harmonious
and grand, arose at his word from chaos; from
the ruins of human virtue and hope, his wis-
dom is displaying a new moral creation, and
the exile, sufferings, and degradation of the
Africans, may be succeeded by their return,
felicity and honor.

THE LADIES' FRIEND.

"On my lap he slept, and my raven hair
Shelter'd him from the sun-beams there.
Love! shall I rouse him and tell him so?
O no! O no!
I comb'd my raven locks with care,
For he oft on their tresses smil'd of
And they were scatter'd by breezes wild,
Breezes which stole the fairest tress,
He was fann'd by these breezes; my raven
hair
Shelter'd him from the sun-beams there.
Love! shall I wake him to tell him so?
O no! O no!
He call'd me cruel—but if he knew
This heart of mine—I heard him say,
My raven locks, and my raven hair,
Were his life's charm, and his life's decay.
Siren!—he cried,—and then he flew
To my lap, where he slept, and my raven
hair
Shelter'd him from the sunbeams there.
Love! shall I rouse him and tell him so?
O no! O no!"

A female Friend, who has much at heart the
reputation, as well as improvement of every
person attending our religious assemblies, has
for some time past, been desirous of submit-
ting to the young men of the different meet-
ings, a few calm observations, relative to a
custom, which she deems worthy to engage
your serious attention. She alludes to the
practice of arranging yourselves on the side
of the street, and making observations on the
different young women, who coming out of
meeting, are compelled to pass in review before
you. Besides the highly improper tendency
of such an act of levity, on an occasion when
the mind has been or ought to have been
a few minutes before, engaged in the most
serious and sacred of all its duties, there are
even inferior considerations, which it is be-
lieved, need only be brought before the minds
of many who have been drawn into the error
to convince them of its extreme imbecility,
and therefore to induce an abandonment of the
custom. Few who are observed in this
practice, would be willing to have themselves
regarded, or represented, as unpolished, in-
delicate, or disrespectful to the young women
in the circles in which they severally move.
May I not then with much emphasis inquire,
whether it is not a cause for admission, that

the extreme indelicacy and rudeness of the
custom I have adverted to, should have so long
escaped your observation, and necessarily your
exertion to prevent its recurrence. To enter-
tain a just idea of the merits of this in-
delicate behaviour, permit me to offer a
parallel case for your consideration, and then
be yourselves the judges how far the present
custom is justifiable. Let me suppose you
possess a beloved sister, or let me imagine that
there exists one upon whom you have bestow-
ed your affections, and whom you contemplate
as your future wife. Could your feelings con-
cur in having either of these two brought
into a place of public show, in order to be ex-
hibited as a candidate for the admiration of a
rude company of spectators? If you can assent
to the propriety of such a scene, then you can,
as at present, continue to acquiesce in expos-
ing these two endeared characters, to the
broad stare, the pointing finger, the fulsome
compliment, or the rude criticism of an assem-
bly of your male associates. Without pre-
suming too much upon your merits, or without
intending to offer you reasons for magnifying
your vanity, I am willing to indulge the hope
that the young women of the society possess
in your estimation, at least an equal share in
those feelings of delicacy which are inseparable
from female minds, whose peculiar traits, as
represented by your sex, are innocence,
modesty and sensibility. If this be an admitted
fact, may I submit for your serious examination,
whether your habit of making up this public
spectacle can be reconciled with that respect
which you profess to bear us, or that civility
which you also profess an inclination to pay
us? Is there an individual among you whose
attachment would not be lessened for the ob-
ject of his affections, could he have cause to
perceive that this custom of exhibiting her,
for the pleasures of an assemblage of young
men, afforded her pleasure? If you could not
trace this pleasure to any other source than
the gratification of her vanity;—and therefore
arising from the imbecility of her intellect.—
If then you have reason to believe that this
deportment does not afford us pleasure, is
there a manliness or humanity in the willing-
ness you evince to give us pain? As an ardent
friend to the meritorious in your sex, and an
earnest well-wisher for our mutual improve-
ment in every concern which is interesting to
us both, I conjure you to bestow on me your
confidence, while I impress upon you the fact,
that every young woman among us who is
worthy of your esteem, must be disgusted at
so unbecoming a mode of deportment, for you
surely give cause to infer, that you are dis-
posed of those ordinary feelings of sensibility,
which induce on the part of the male sex, in
every civilized country, a disposition to treat
females with respect, and you also lead us to
the mortifying reflection, that we are regarded
by you as possessed of too little understanding
to enable us to judge of the merits of the treat-
ment we receive. There is one consideration
connected with this subject, which I regard
as of very serious import, inasmuch as it in-
timately concerns the very reputation of the
society: and this is, that the practice alluded
to, is peculiar to the young men who attend
friendly meetings! The writer is confident that
a similar custom is not tolerated among the
young men of any other denomination of Chris-
tians. This fact involves a melancholy infer-
ence, too plain and intelligible to require elu-
cidation, or even a comment, further than that
it calls for a serious care that our conduct may
not appear so reproachful, as to present a
stumbling block to those, who, while visiting
our meetings, must be struck with so flagrant a
breach of decorum, and an egregious inconsis-
tency. Some of the above observations, I am
aware, are couched in terms of severity unusual
in communications which originate in a sense
of public utility. I must not, however, do that
violence to truth as to represent that I feel it
necessary to apologize for them, having been
led to apprehend that the evil was of a nature
which was not likely to be removed by ex-
cessive diffidence in enumerating its effects. Of
one point the writer feels assured, that these
observations have been written, and submitted
to your consideration, with the purest inten-
tions, under an ardent hope that they may be
of service in correcting a very excusable
practice. Who the writer is, it cannot be mat-
terial to any person to know; and measures
have therefore been taken, which she appre-
hends, will preclude the possibility of making
the discovery. With sincere love and a fervent
desire for the amendment of the individuals
here addressed, not only as respects their
error in the practice we have dwelt upon, but
in every other important concern, she con-
cludes in the words of the Poet:

"With pleasure let us own our errors past,
And make each day a critic on the last.
"Seize mortals! seize the transient hour,
"Improve each moment as it flies;
"Life's a short summer-morn a flower,
"He dies! alas, how soon he dies!"
* As regards this evil being wholly confined
to the respectable society of which she is a
member, the writer is mistaken—it is a
shameful and undeniable truth, that there
is scarcely one religious body in this city
which does not suffer under the same breach
of good manners, and want of respect prop-
erly due to pious young females, whose feel-
ings are insulted with impunity by a set of
thoughtless and impudent, who, if not sup-
ported from the system and regularity they
observe, have no other motive for visiting
places of religious worship.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

ESSAY—No. 3.

What a fine acquirement, how productive
of good, and how replete with excellence and
importance to man is education. It is one of
the brightest ornaments which can gild his pas-
sage through this world, or which can make
him appear to any advantage in it. It places
within his reach, all those comforts and plea-
sures which, as man, he can possibly enjoy,
and affords him an opportunity of dissipating
the clouds of ignorance, and thereby contrib-
ute to the welfare of his fellow beings.—
Education leads man from the path of igno-
rance into that of knowledge, guides his rea-
son and understanding, restrains and acts as a
rein to his passions, by keeping them within
due and proper bounds. It teaches him to con-
temn and despise the meanness of the ignorant
—to look down with indignation upon their pre-
sumption and self-sufficiency to treat with
cool indifference the low and sordid motives by
which they are generally actuated, and which
characterize their every action. Education is an
acquisition far more valuable than riches.—
The man of wealth, is liable through the vicis-
situdes and changes of fortune, to lose it, and
be reduced to poverty. But him who is en-
dowed with, and possesses education, will
never be by it deserted. It will attend him
as well in adversity as in prosperity—it will
follow him from the mansion to the hovel—

will accompany him when mixing among the
circles of the fashionable and great, and de-
scend with him to the habitations of penury
and distress. Even should he be consigned to
a dungeon by the lawless hand of oppres-
sion, then also will it be his companion, cheer-
ing and consoling him, affording him fortitude
to bear his hapless fate with patience and re-
signation. In whatever station of life man is
placed, if he has once obtained education it
will always attend him, whether in affluence
or poverty, greatness or obscurity. It will
accompany him along the airy path of youth,
and will retire with him beneath the evening
shade of old age, cheering and enlivening him,
and rendering the last stage of his existence
less irksome and tedious than it otherwise
would be. Education may be ranked as one
of the most valuable gifts which man can have
bestowed upon him; without it he passes
through life almost unnoticed and disregarded,
and not having a mind sufficiently bright to
guide him, is subject to the ridicule, and is
obliged, and necessitated to be wholly influ-
enced and directed, and governed by those
who have drunk of, and whose minds have
been well watered and cultivated by the
"Pierian Spring." Under the influence of
education, civilization is introduced, by which
governments have been formed, and laws
enacted for the purpose of regulating and rul-
ing the actions of men—a social and regular
intercourse established between mankind,
which has a tendency to render them of mutual
and reciprocal benefit to each other. What
would the world be without civilization—it
would be a sickening picture of confusion and
tumult, disorder and irregularity—some of
the worst and most pernicious passions would
be gratified without shame or restraint—some
of the most heinous and glaring crimes would
be committed with impunity—dark ignorance,
with all its ill tendencies and destructive con-
sequences, would prevail. Without civiliza-
tion man would be sunk in the lowest depths of
barbarism—he would be upon a level with the
brute creation. It is certain that through the
medium of education, civilization is effected:
for without the former, the latter could not
be properly appreciated. Surely an ignorant
man could not enumerate the many benefits
and blessings consequent to and attendant on
a civilized state, nor point out the many dis-
advantages and inconveniences which follow
from the man of education, and only him who
can point out to, and bring before the view
of his unenlightened brother, the many advan-
tages and comforts arising out of and flowing
from humanized society—"Is only him who can
make the inhabitant of the forest fully sensible of
the numerous dangers and difficulties to which
his mode of life is liable. To education, that
happy and beneficial discovery, navigation,
ows its enlargement, through the instrumen-
tality of which the luxuries as well as the com-
forts of life is conveyed: by which we gain in-
formation of what is transacting in other climes,
and which brings us to a knowledge of what
is transpiring in the remotest corners of the
earth. To education the arts and sciences
owe their progress—without it, and they never
would have arrived at their present height.—
To education may be attributed that useful,
valuable and highly important invention, the
compass, that advantageous science, which
enables the canvas pedestrian to travel
through ocean's unbroken back, bearing in his
bosom the superfluities, as well as the neces-
saries of man. Education dissipates the mists
of bigotry, and places before our view, truth
in its purest and brightest and most genuine
colors—it kindles into a flame that innate
spark which glimmers in the bosom of every
human being, but if not fanned by education
will be like unpolished marble—its intrinsic
value is not known—or like some un-
explored mine, its value cannot be estimated.
—or like the great illuminator of the world,
when obscured by a cloud, its magnificence
and splendour is hid, and consequently cannot
be duly or rightly appreciated.

DATANES.

THE COMMON DRINKS OF THE JAPANESE
are hot and cold. They uncover their feet
out of respect; we do not. They are fond
of black teeth; we of white. They mount
their horses on the right side; we on the left.
Among the Chinese, white is the colour for
mourning; a son has no right to wear white
clothing while his father and mother live; but
he can wear no other for three years after
their death. With us, black is the colour for
mourning. The Chinese use their boots for
pockets, putting into them their fans, papers,
&c.; the boots are made very wide, and of
black skin leather; we use our coats, &c.—
The dress of the women of the lower classes
in China, is the same as, or differs but little
from, that of the men; with us, no two things
are more dissimilar. The Chinese for beauty
reduce both eyebrows to one arched line. We
let them alone to form two arched lines, and
delight in the "graceful curve." Long nails
are with us a disgrace; with the Chinese, they
are an honour. Both men and women of rank
in China suffer the nails of the left hand to
grow to an extraordinary length, in order to
prove their gentility, and to distinguish them-
selves from labourers and mechanics. De
Guine saw a mandarin whose nails were nearly
six inches in length, and a physician who had
brought them to ten or twelve inches. The
nails are thus kept extremely clear and trans-
parent, and at night are carefully enclosed in
bamboo cases. There is another peculiarity
of custom among the Chinese, which is said
to be universal; they use their left hand in
preference to the right.

A Portuguese woman, when she rides, sits
with the left side towards the horse's head,
and an English woman with the right.
The Portuguese wife never assumes the family
name of her husband, but in all the vicissitudes
of matrimony retains her own; an English
woman always assumes the family name of
her husband. The Portuguese are generally
addressed by their christian name; we by our
family one. In Portugal, the master of the
house precedes the visitor in going out; with
us, the visitor precedes.

The Italians reckon the commencement of
their day from sunset, we from sunrise. Their
clocks strike all the hours from one to twenty-
four—ours from one to twelve.
The Kamatchindules always use dogs for
the purpose of labour and travelling; we use
horses and oxen.
We use wine and ardent spirits for intoxi-
cation, but the Turks opium.—We undress
and go to bed at a certain hour, and wait
the approach of sleep; the Turks, being seat-
ed on a mattress, smoke till they find them-
selves sleepy; then laying themselves down,
their servants cover them.—Dinner is our
principal meal; supper theirs.
In Columbia, South America, a person in
easy circumstances is carried on his travels

by men, in a chair; and in that country, they
talk of going on a man's back, as we mention
going on horseback.

In conclusion, I would state what an Amer-
ican writer says, viz: that the Spaniards may
be said to sleep upon every affair of impor-
tance; the Italians to *fiddle* upon every thing;
the French to *dance* upon every thing; the
Germans to *smoke* upon every thing; the
British to *smoke* upon every thing; and the
Americans to *talk* upon every thing.

GENIUS AND TRADE.

The following list contains the names of
eminent persons who have been concerned
in, or connected with Trade—
Akenhead, the son of a Merchant,
Bloomfield, a Shoemaker,
Boccardo, natural Son of a Merchant,
Bonner, (Bishop), a Merchant,
Bunyan, a Tinker,
Butler, Son of a Farmer,
Cervantes, a common
Scribbler,
Chatterton, an Attor-
ney's Clerk,
Chaucer, son of a Mer-
chant,
Churchill, Cider Pres-
sor,
Cibber, son of a Sculp-
tor,
Claude Lorrain, a Pas-
tor Cook,
Collins, son of a Hat-
maker,
Columbus, a Wool Sta-
pler,
Cromwell, son of a Gro-
cer,
Cromwell, son of a
Brewer,
Davenant, son of an
Im Keeper,
De Foe, Houser, son of
a Butcher,
Demosthenes, son of a
Sword Maker,
Erasmus, grand son of
a Physician,
Euripides, son of a
Green Grocer,
Falconer, son of a Bar-
ber,
Ferguson, son of a Shep-
herd,
Fox, George, a Shoe-
maker,
Franklin, a Journey-
man Printer,
Gifford, a Shoemaker,
Giray, son of a Scri-
ver.

WILLIAM WALLACE.

THE HERO OF SCOTLAND.

Never, perhaps, was the name of any man
more cherished by a people, than that of Wil-
liam Wallace by the Scottish nation. His
exploits have been for ages the darling theme
of all ranks of the people, and in those parts
of the country where his adventures chiefly
lay, there is scarcely a lofty rock, high fall
of water, lonely cave, or other remarkable ob-
ject in nature, which is not designated by a
name dear to every romantic, youthful, and
patriotic mind. The recorded feats in the
life of Wallace, rank him not only among the
first patriots of his nation, but among the first
of all who have deserved that honourable ap-
pellation. He made his appearance in the
theatre of active life, at a most interesting pe-
riod. A disputed succession to the Scottish
crown had been submitted to the decision of
Edward the First of England. The office of
umpire, gave the English king a fatal ascend-
ancy over the Scottish nobles, and especially
over the competitors for the crown. Balaol
was preferred, on condition that he would ac-
knowledge the dependence of Scotland upon
the English crown; but at last, under the
mortification of repeated insults, he resigned
the crown altogether into the hands of Ed-
ward, on the 24th of July, 1296. All Scotland
was now overrun by an English army, and the
people placed in the hands of English
garrisons, who made it odious to the people
by their exactions and oppressions. At this
critical moment was the wand of freedom
first unfurled by William Wallace, the young-
est son of a private gentleman, Wallace of
Ellerslie. To great bodily strength and ac-
tivity, and a courage which delighted in dan-
ger, he united an inventiveness of enterprise,
a fertility of resources, and a generous gallan-
try of manner, well calculated to gain him an
authority over the rude and undisciplined mul-
titude who answered his patriotic call. In
May, 1297, he began to infest the English
quarters, and soon made his numbers appear
formidable. The first person of note who
joined him, was Sir William Douglas. With
their united forces, these two also attempt-
ed to surprise *Trimouth*, the English garrison
there, while holding a court at *Secot*; but a
precipitate flight disappointed them of their
expected prey. After this, the patriot band
roved over the whole country, assailed castles
and slew the English wherever they met with
them. Several men of the highest rank now
joined the standard of freedom,
among others, Bruce, the Steward of Scotland,
and his brother, Sir Alexander de Lindsay;
Sir Andrew Murray, of Bothwell; Richard
Lauden and Wishart, bishop of Glasgow.—
But unfortunately, they brought more splen-
dour than real strength to the cause.

Wallace, though the master spirit of the
whole enterprise, was of two humble rank
among the great men of Scotland, to be read-
ily acknowledged by them for their chief,
and where more like his was not recognized
as the best title to supreme command, it is
easy to conceive that the conflict of preten-
sions must have been endless. All the lead-
ers claimed to be independent of each other,
and to nothing, even of the most obvious ad-
vantage, could their common consent be ob-
tained. While the Scottish army, thus enfee-
bled by disease lay posted near Irvine, a chosen
and numerous body of forces which had
been sent from England by Edward, ap-
proached to give them battle. All the nobles
and barons who had joined the party of
Wallace, Sir Andrew Murray, of Bothwell,
English, excepted, consented to treat with the
English, and for themselves and their adher-
ents made submission to Edward. Wallace
and Murray refused to have any concern with
the ignominious capitulation; and collecting to-
gether a few faithful companions of their for-
tunes, retired indignantly towards the north.
Under the conduct of these two able leaders,
the patriot band soon recruited its numbers;

and when the English advanced to Irvine,
was prepared to dispute with them the pas-
sage of the Forth.

Warren, earl of Surrey, the English gen-
eral, imagining that Wallace might still be
won over, dispatched two friars to the Scot-
tish camp proffering terms. "Return," said
Wallace, "and tell your masters, that we were
not here to treat, but to assert our rights, and
to set Scotland free." "He defies us!" said
the English, and impatiently demanded he
led on. The Scotch were encamped on the
opposite side of the river to that occupied by
the English, who, to approach them, had to
defile over a long narrow bridge. As soon
as the van of the English had crossed the bridge,
and before they could form themselves in or-
der of battle, Wallace rushed down, and there
in a moment. Many thousands were
slain on the field, or drowned in attempting
to recross the river. A general panic instant-
ly seized the main body of the English; they
set fire to the bridge, abandoned all the bag-
gage, and did not cross their flight till they
had reached Hawick, which they also were
evacuated. The loss of the Scots would have
been inconceivable, had they not numbered
among their slain Sir Andrew Murray, the
gallant and faithful companion of Wallace.

Scotland was thus once more free; but in
consequence of bad seasons and the disorders
of war, it suffered severely from famine.—
With the view of procuring assistance to his
returning followers, Wallace marched his
army into the north of England; and for
wards of three weeks the whole of that wide
track of country from Cocker-mouth and Carlisle,
to the gates of Newcastle, was wasted
with all the fury of revenge, license, and rap-
acity.

Wallace now assumed the title of "Guard-
ian of Scotland, in the name of King John,
(Baliol), and by the consent of the Scottish
Nation." That he was virtually so, there can
be no doubt; and we ought therefore to be
the less scrupulous in inquiring as to the
forms which attended his investiture with this
high dignity. With the aid and countenance
of only one of the Scottish barons, the im-
mortal Andrew Murray, and supported by the low-
er orders of the Scottish people alone, he had
driven his country from English thralldom, and
restored it to its ancient independence. A
service so great and unexampled, gave him a
claim to the appellation of Scotland's Guardian,
which wanted neither form nor solemnity
to make it as well founded as any title that
ever existed.

The barons who had stood aloof during the
struggles for liberty, now began, as before,
to intermeddle with the fruits of the conquest
gloriously achieved. Of Wallace, they speed-
ily evinced the utmost jealousy. His eleva-
tion wounded their pride; his great services
were an unceasing reproach to their inactivity
in the public cause. Strife and division
were again introduced into the Scottish camp,
at a time when more than ever, unanimity
was necessary to the establishment of the
national independence.

Edward had again invaded Scotland with
a powerful army, and Wallace had a second
time to risk a general battle for freedom. In
the neighbourhood of Falkirk the hostile ar-
mes met. Wallace had now around him, a
Cumming, a Stewart, a Graham, a Maclellan,
and other names of equal note in Scottish
chieftainship; but feebler through the dis-
trust of so many rivals, than when alone with
the gallant Murray, he led his countrymen to
battle. Victory deserted his plume. The
Scots were defeated with great slaughter;
and though for some time they kept up
the war in detached parties, they were no
longer able to muster an army in the field—
Edward, with his victorious troops, swept the
whole country, from the Tweed to the North-
ern Ocean; and there was scarcely any place
of importance, but owned his sway.

Yet amid this wreck of the national liber-
ties, Wallace despaired not. He had lived a
freeman; and a freeman he resolved to die.
All his endeavours to rouse his countrymen,
were, however, in vain. The season of re-
sistance was for the present past. Wallace
perceived that there remained no more hope,
and sought out a place of concealment, where,
eluding the vengeance of Edward, he might
solicitously lament over his country.

Not long now remained in Scotland uncon-
quered, but the Castle of Stirling, which was
at length compelled to surrender. But Wal-
lace still lived; and while he existed, though
without forces, and without an ostensible
place of residence, his countrymen were not
absolutely without hope, nor Edward without
fear. Every exertion was made to discover
his retreat, and at length he was betrayed
into the hands of the English. He was
brought to Westminster, arraigned there as a
traitor by Edward, and as having burnt vil-
lages, stormed castles, and slaughtered many
subjects of England. "I am a traitor!" exclaim-
ed Wallace, indignantly. "What injury I
could do to Edward, the enemy of my huge
sovereign, and of my country, I have done,
and I glory in it." Sentence of death was pro-
nounced against him, and he was immediately
executed, with that studied rigour in the cir-
cumstances of the punishment, which, while
seeking to make impressions of terror, excite
pity. His head was placed on a pinnacle at
London; and his mangled limbs were distrib-
uted over the land.

Thus cruelly perished a man whom Edward
could never subdue, and whose only crime
was in an invincible attachment for freedom and
independence.

FROM THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

The first Settlement of Philadelphia.
It was a remark of one of the wisest and
best men, whom the world has seen, that
there exists in the economy and course of
nature an insuperable union between virtue
and happiness, between duty and advantage;
between the genuine maxims of an honest and
magnanimous policy, and the solid rewards of
public property and fidelity." By the writer
of a brief history of Philadelphia, this re-
mark of Washington is quoted, as being fully
illustrated in the rise and growth of this city.
And, indeed, there are many associations con-
nected with the origin of Philadelphia, its
progress and history, equally grateful to the
philanthropist and the patriotic citizen of the
United States. Its foundation was laid in
peace and concord. The ancestors of the gen-
eral, however, gently may touch their noses
and temper, might little for their wisdom
and discretion, in their conduct with the In-
dians. They were too prone to look on the
wild man as an inferior being, and to set them-
selves up as lords over his rights and property,
without remembering that they were intrud-
ers on his soil, or condescending to meet him
even in the land of his fathers on equal
and amicable terms. To the reproach of many
of our progenitors, whose virtues in other
respects speak volumes in their praise, the
sword was too often made by them the

